and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and ye wares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

VVillye. Thomalin.

THomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Upon so fayre a morow?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

VVillye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth ech flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is vpryst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee assott:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

VVillye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?

Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke
Or mayde preuie to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and ble
And were not, that my sheepe wou
The preuie marks I would bewra
Whereby by chaunce I him kn

VVillye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mi

Thomalin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue
My sheepe for that may chaunce t
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morow
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe wit
And waked againe with griefe
The while thilke same vnhappye
Whole clouted legge her hurt dot
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there vnioynted both her bor
Wrought her necke bene ioynted a
She shoulde haue neede no mo
Thelf was so wanton and so wood
(But now I trowe can better goo
She mought ne gang on the g

VVillye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast se

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,